

**MARCH
WINDBAGS
ISSUE**

35¢

SICK

MAC

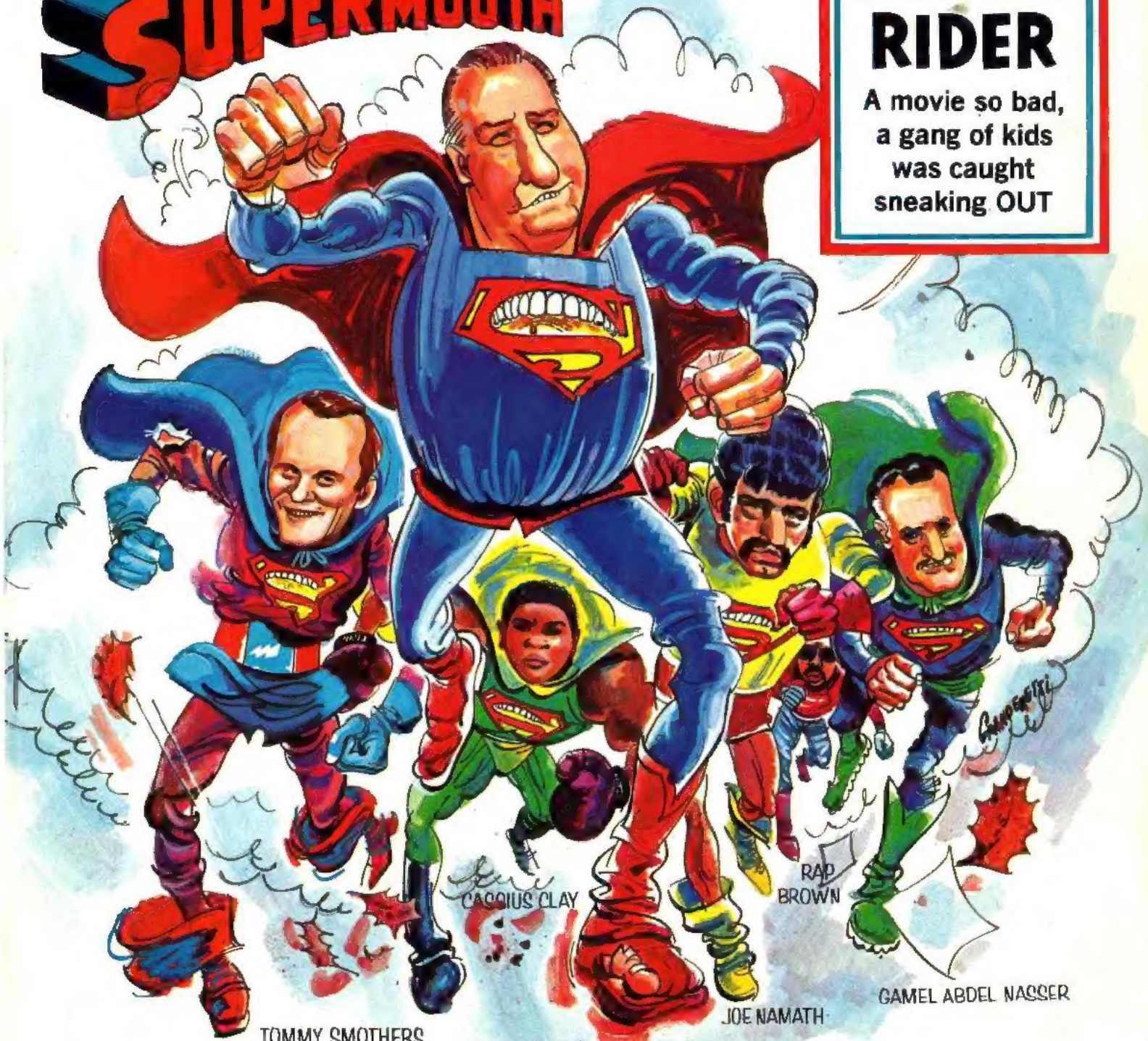
BONUS!
ANNOY YOUR
FRIENDS WITH
**SICK
SIGNS**

No. 74

WHO IS THIS MONTH'S
SUPERMOUTH

SLEAZY RIDER

A movie so bad,
a gang of kids
was caught
sneaking OUT



TOMMY SMOTHERS

SPIRO AGNEW

JOE NAMATH

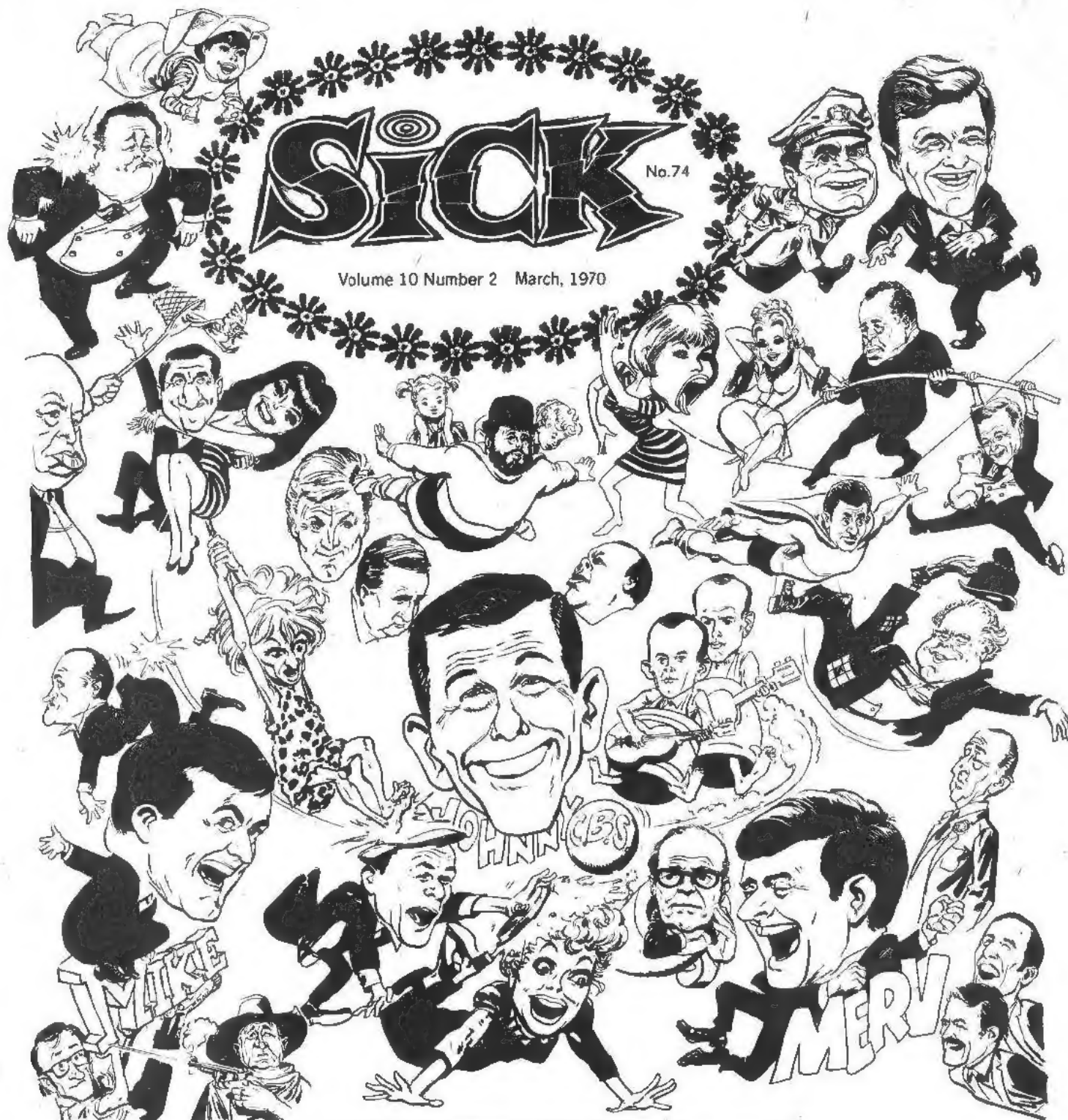
GAMEL ABDEL NASSER

RAP
BROWN

CACIUS CLAY



BEWARE!
SMALLPOX
EPIDEMIC
TRACED TO THIS SPOT



WHY IS EVERYBODY TURNED ON? (See page 50)

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LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Script by Bill Majeski

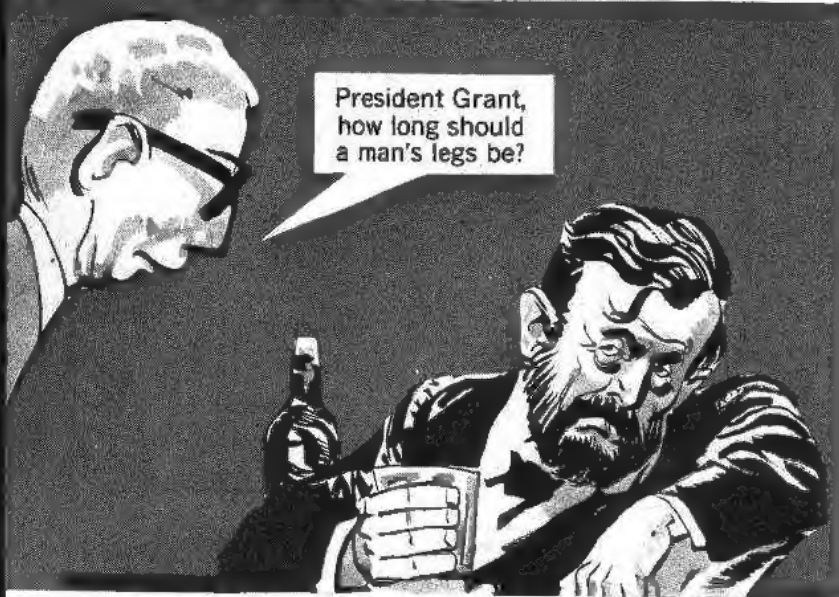
Art by Jack Sparling

Abraham Lincoln was noted for his wit. Once when a man asked him how long a man's legs should be, Abe replied: "Long enough to reach the ground."

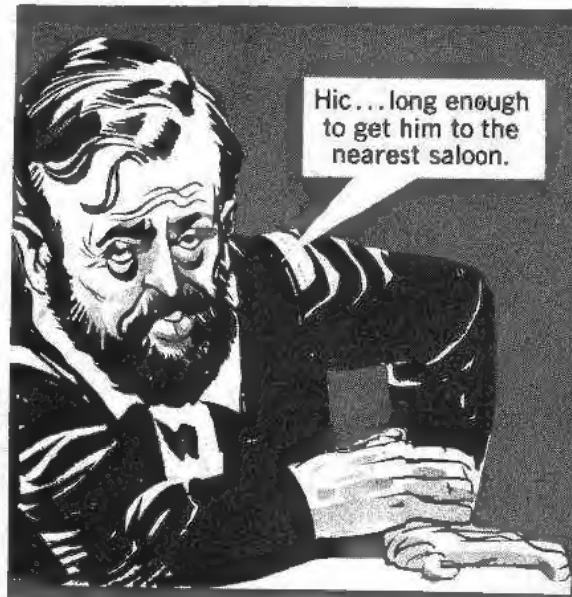
Okay, we'll buy the answer, but not the question. Can you imagine anyone asking a busy President how long a man's legs should be?

But let's say it DID happen. And suppose other nutty guys asked other presidents the same thing. How would they answer?

PRESIDENT GRANT

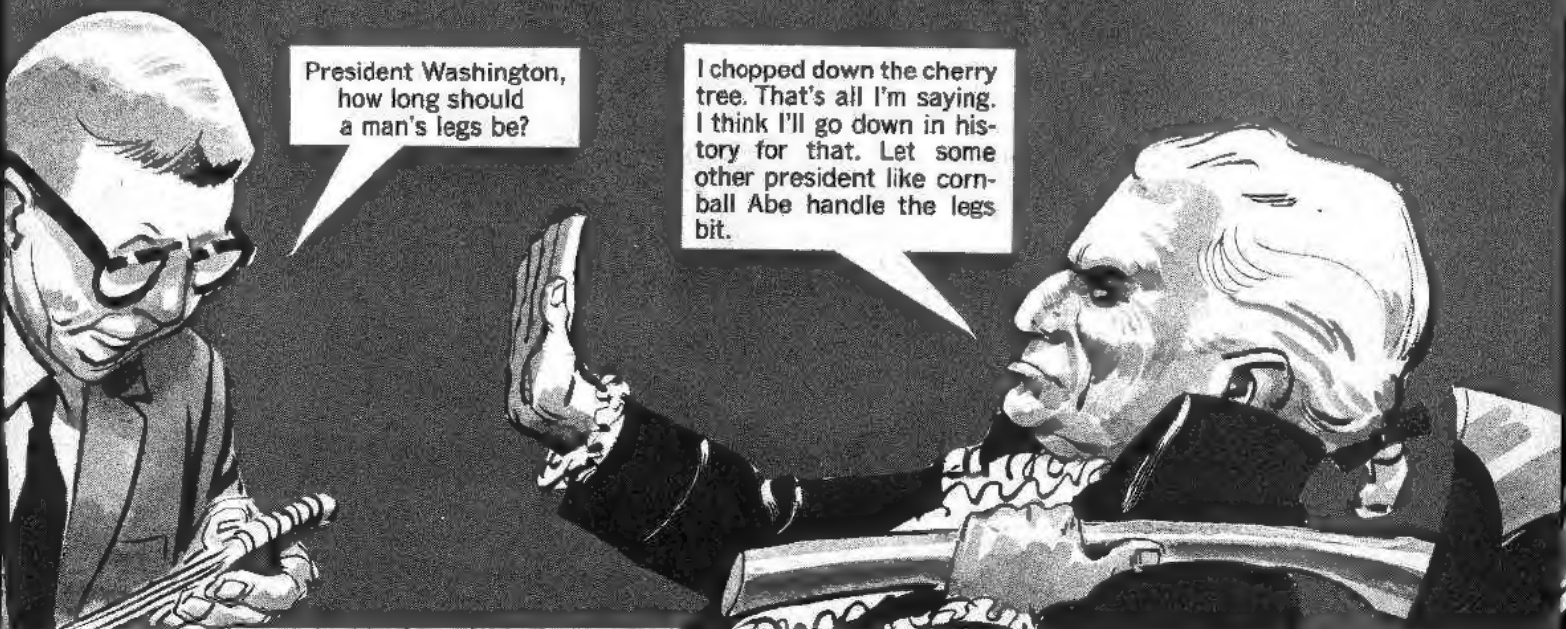


President Grant,
how long should
a man's legs be?



Hic... long enough
to get him to the
nearest saloon.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON



President Washington,
how long should
a man's legs be?

I chopped down the cherry
tree. That's all I'm saying.
I think I'll go down in his-
tory for that. Let some
other president like corn-
ball Abe handle the legs
bit.

PRESIDENT HARDING

President Harding,
how long should
a man's legs be?

Well now, that is an interesting, but touchy question. There are people who might be offended if I came out with a blunt yes or no answer.

To look at both sides of the issue, there are people who won't be offended with a clear-cut reply.

However, if you want to adjudicate this with complete impartiality, we must... Marston... Marston... wake up, Marston.

PRESIDENT L.B.J.

President LBJ,
how long should
a man's legs be?

What's that,
boy?

I said how
long should a
man's legs be?

You puttin'
me on?

No, sir,
I want
to know.

You want to know
how long a man's
legs should be?
I'll show you.

Those legs
long enough for
you, boy?

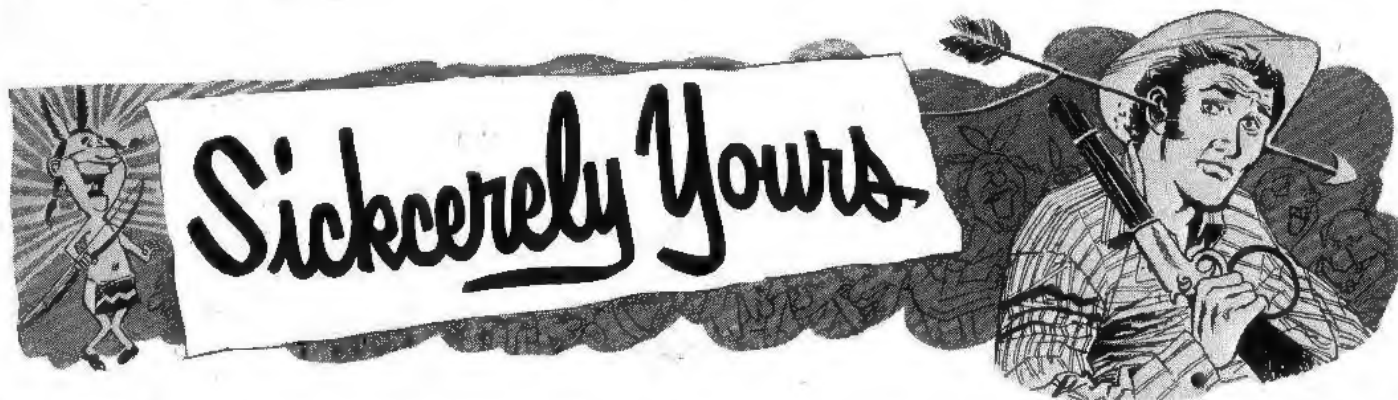
PRESIDENT NIXON

President Nixon,
how long should
a man's legs be?

First, I want to make one thing perfectly clear. A man's legs may have very little to do with his physical or moral stature. Here we have a clear-cut example of a loaded question. I'm in trouble no matter how I answer...

you know, I hate myself
when I start to sound like
Harding...

Frankly, I'm beginning
to think Grant had the
right idea...



I have been following a group for months because one of the guys is my boy friend and I want to write to you about your article, "The Groupies." A lot of people poke fun at us but they don't understand that some of us travel around because we want to be with a certain boy and don't want him to be tempted to run with every chick he meets in a new town. To me, being a Groupie is not a laughing matter.

Linda
On the road

Ed: We don't do laughing matters, Linda, wherever you are.

Travelling around the country to follow the groups really broadens a girl, have you ever thought of that?

Flo Lindstrom
Houston, Tex.

Ed: We'll stay away from that one, Flo.

I am a member of a group and I have never seen a Groupie. Can you tell me where I can find one, it sounds like a groove. How come they don't follow me?

Don Taylor
New York

Ed: Maybe you need a stronger mouthwash.

I would like to become a Groupie but I don't know how to go about it. Do you know where I can find a group to follow?

Missy Goldsmith
Chicago, Ill.

Ed: Write to Don Taylor.

I happen to be a veteran of the campus riots and I just want you to know how much I dig the medal in your February issue. It's about time we got some recognition for our sacri-

fices and efforts to disrupt the corrupt educational process in this country.

Jack Boris
Los Angeles

Ed: You're one of us, Jack—sick.

I nailed up the "Veterans of Campus Riots" hang-up on my bedroom wall and it made my mother mad. What did I do wrong?

Phil Robmann
St. Louis, Mo.

Ed: Next time use tape, clod.

I would write you a nasty letter but I'm afraid you'd answer me with an insulting comment so I won't write you.

Richard Glass
Philadelphia, Pa.

Ed: Chicken.



"Clean at the Bat" sounded very familiar. Was it an original poem?

Rich Brackman
Miami, Fla.

Ed: Nothing in Sick is original.

You are going to get the worst mail you ever saw from the members of the SDS. However, I have to admire your guts for printing a cover that says something. It's about time a satire magazine took a stand on something. The members of the SDS are a bunch of nuts, believe me. Thank goodness they are a small minority.

Marie Rigoli
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ed: We'd print their letters but we'd be arrested for using foul language.

You stink.

Member, SDS

Ed: This is a sample of a complimentary letter.

I was at the SDS convention you covered in your February issue and it wasn't anything like the event reported by your writer. Are you sure he was at the right convention?

Jim Farber
New York

Ed: Our reporter never knows where he is.



The Spiro Agnew Coloring Book was an insult to a great American leader. The Vice President was absolutely right in trying to reform the one-sided press and TV coverage. I hope his next speech puts down slanted magazines like Sick. You are nothing but a tool of the idiotic youth of our country who don't even know which end is up.

Wilbur R. Sykes
Newark, N.J.

Ed: Which end IS up?

I am a member of the 82nd Airborne at Ft. Bragg, N.C. I am writing to you to voice my opinion of "The Soldier with the Secret Message" and "The Coward Proves Himself" in the December Issue.

Is this what you consider funny?

It smells like the work of an ignorant, perverted slob who writes while he's in the restrooms.

PFC John D. Lindsey

Ed: If that's really your name, you spelled it wrong. Actually, John, the article was written in a restroom. All our articles are written in restrooms.

The Woodstock Waltz Festival sounds like a groovy trip. If they ever hold another one I'm going to send my parents. It's about time the older generation learned a little about life.

Ingie Harrison
Rochester, N.Y.

Ed: Lawrence Welk was the Guru of the Waltz Festival.



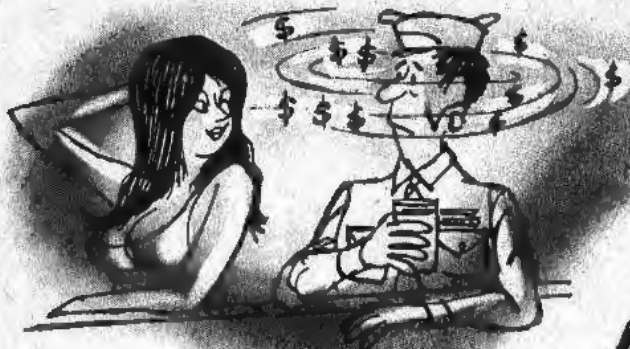
THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT IN VIETNAM



Whether or not your barber's a VC at heart.



What to do with the black pajamas your mother sent for your birthday.



Bar girls.



Dear John Letters.

THINGS NOT TO WORRY ABOUT IN VIETNAM

Art by Al Kaufman

Script by John Dromey



Frostbite.



What to wear.



Buying postage stamps.



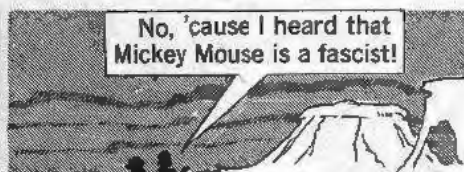
What to do on weekends.

Peter Fonda as Wyatt and Dennis Hopper as Billy "set out in search of America, and can't find it anywhere." Which is no wonder, since they are always so high on pot, they couldn't find a dinosaur in a telephone booth! These two Honda hobos ride side by side down America's highways on a cross-country search for personal freedom, a sense of identity, and most important of all—a clean gas station men's room!

Art by Bill Robinson
Script by Fred Wolfe

SLEAZY RIDER

After crossing over from Mexico to Los Angeles, our progressive pair of wetbacks, Wyatt and Billy, are getting ready to start out on their trip to New Orleans, financed by money from their "paper route"—the paper being wrapped around a pound of heroin!



The two unshaven Americans are on their way to see the country, the people, "The Wizard"—and anyone else who walks into their pot-filled dreams.

Since we haven't got much of a plot going, and we're making this movie on a shoestring, let's kill

about twenty minutes boring the audience to death with shots of us riding down the highway



So they ride,

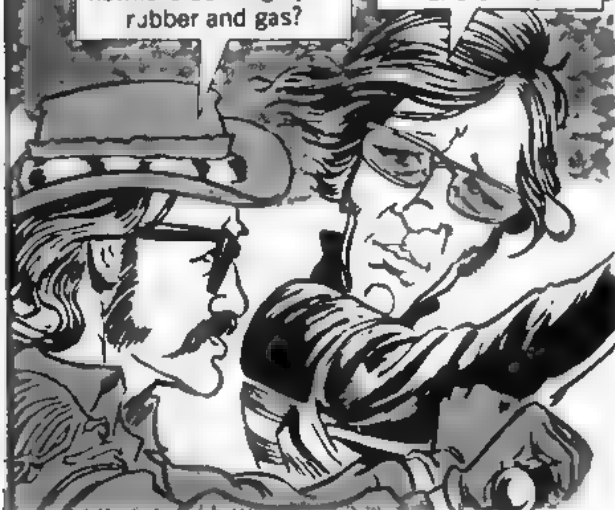
and they ride,

and they ride.



Say, pops, who do you think will dig all this nowhere burning up of rubber and gas?

That's easy, rider—Armstrong Tires and Sunoco!



While on the road, Wyatt and Billy pick up a hitchhiking hippie.

Th-th-thanks, fellas, for giving me a lift.

I don't mean to pry, guy, but how did you get that stammer?

I ha-had a terrible sh-shock



A draft notice?

Nope, worse—a sheriff once threatened me with a ba-ba-bath!

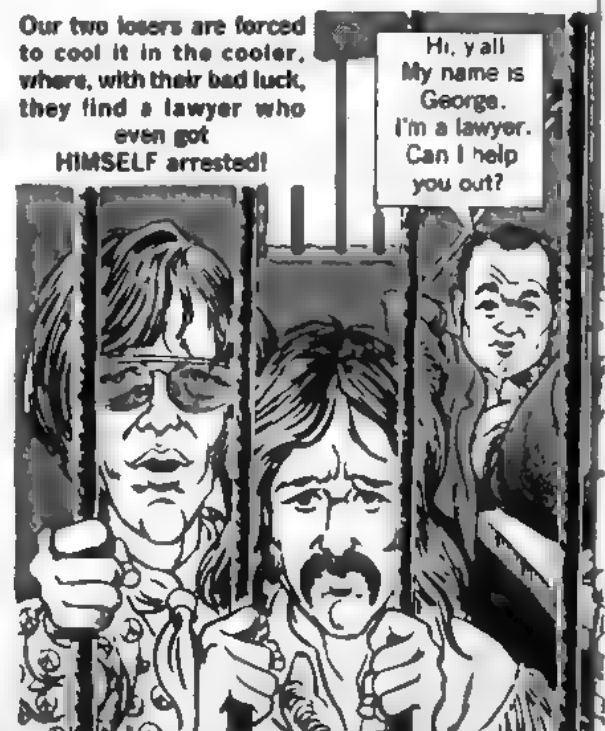
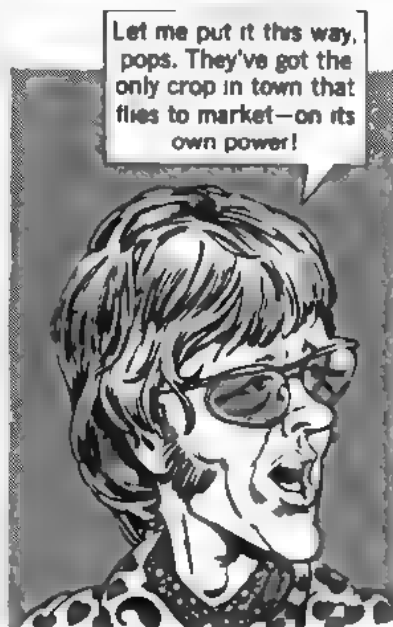
Man, that's carrying police brutality too far!



Say, I like you guys. How would you l-like to come with me to a hippie commune? A lot of us c-city kids are doing a back to the land bit.

Groovy—do they have a green thumb?





Help us out?
What are you
doing here?

I'm here for
a rest cure.
You see, I
drink.

You'd never catch me
ruining my life with
booze. I'm strictly on a
health kick—nothing but
pot, heroin and LSD!

Hey, mister lawyer
man, like what's
your specialty?

I'm a civil
rights lawyer.

Groovy! How about
some Freedom Now?

No sweat—
I'll arrange it.

How did you get us out?
Did you appeal to their
sense of justice, fair play,
and basic Americanism?

No, I really got to the
heart of the matter—I
paid the \$50 fine!

Billy, Wyatt and their new-
found square friend,
George, are on their way
to either New Orleans or
Mars—depending on what
they're smoking that night!

Don't get me wrong,
pops, but for a square
guy you wear some weird
apparel—how come the
football helmet?

I always believe in being
prepared—you never
know when Joe Namath
will change his mind!

It's getting
cold—let's
light up.

The campfire?

No, one of
my wild
cigarettes!

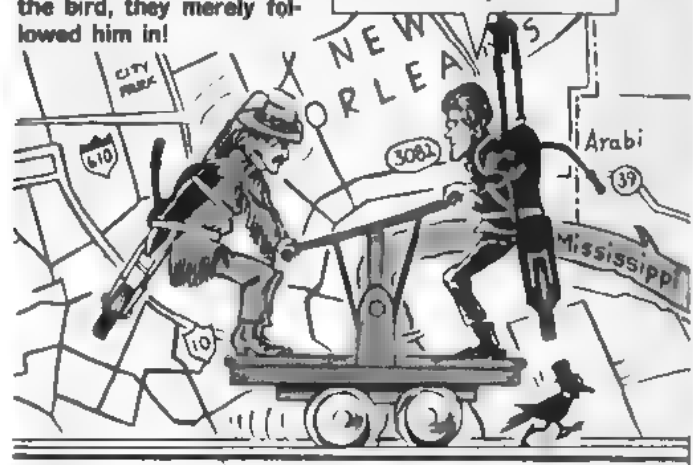


Say, what happened to George?

I think George has joined the space race

Wyatt and Billy have finally made it to New Orleans—as the crow flies. Since they were both as high as the bird, they merely followed him in!

As a tribute to George, let's go to that place where he said we'd find those crazy chicks.



Pardon me, miss

Come this way, sonny. the girls are waiting.

"Wahoo! You girls got just what we're looking for!"

Right—the purest LSD east of the Rockies!



Wyatt, I'm on a bad trip.

What's happening?

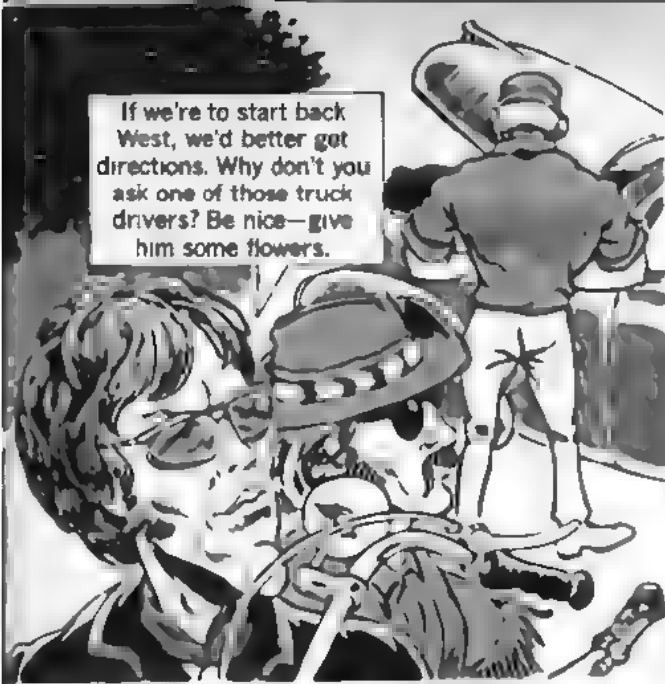
"I'm being chased by Phyllis Diller—and she keeps catching me!"

At least the girls are happy. Let's flip out of here, before we flip our wigs!

CENSORED

CENSORED

If we're to start back West, we'd better get directions. Why don't you ask one of those truck drivers? Be nice—give him some flowers.



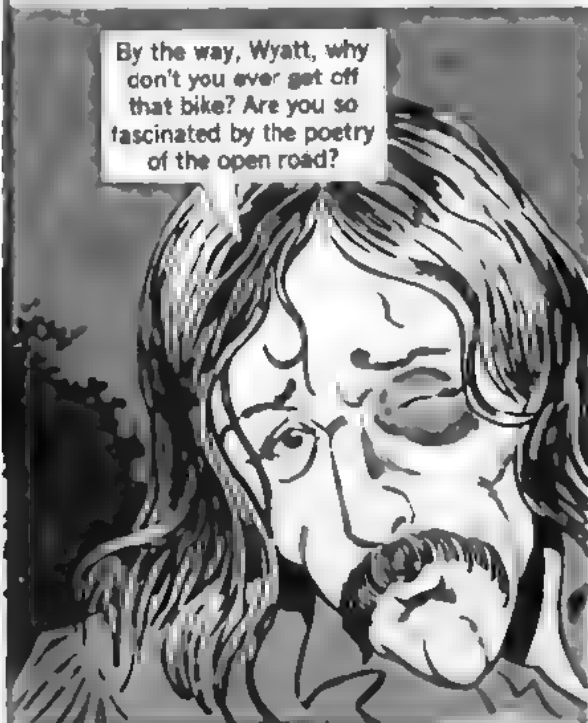
Man what happened?



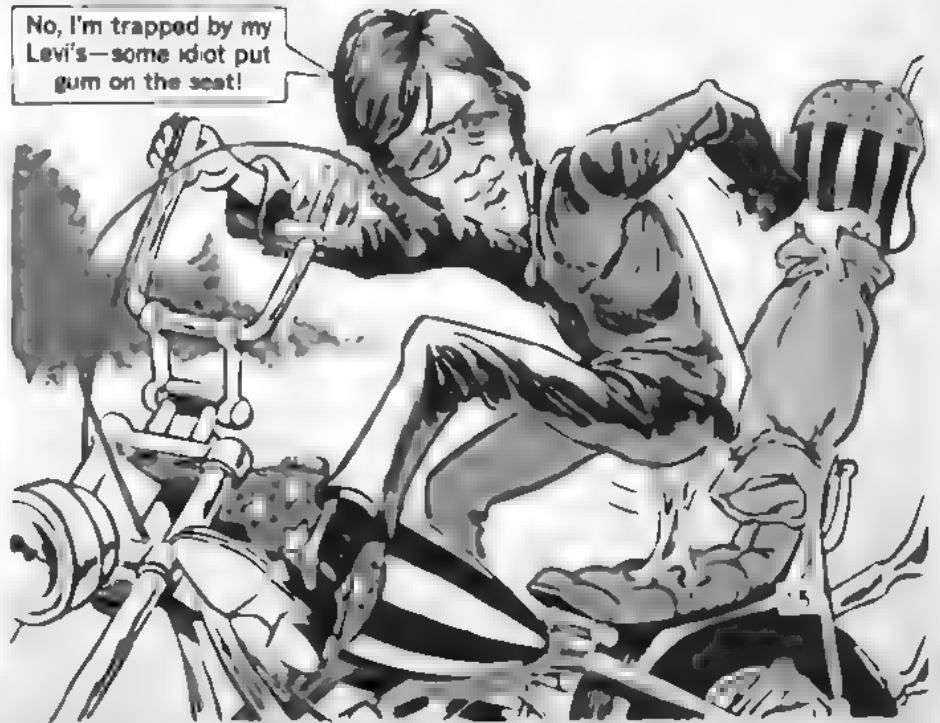
All I asked him was if he'd like a couple of pansies—and then the lights went out!



By the way, Wyatt, why don't you ever get off that bike? Are you so fascinated by the poetry of the open road?



No, I'm trapped by my Levi's—some idiot put gum on the seat!



I Never Met A Baby-Sitter I Didn't Like



From the book
**THE
COMPLETE
MOTHER**
by
Phyllis Diller

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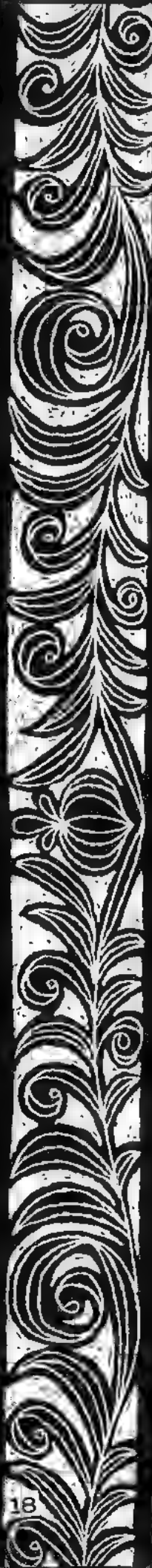
I am sure there is no mother this side of a mental institution that refuses to treat her children to a baby-sitter. Whenever possible I would leave the kids and get out. My present baby-sitter has money in a Swiss bank, and our last one holds a second mortgage on the house.

To save on baby-sitters take your kids to an orphanage and tell them to mingle!

Once the sitters tried to up their prices, but I was firm. Three dollars an hour and they supply their own ammunition.

Baby-sitters are getting so independent now. We have one in our neighborhood who only sits for couples who don't have any children.

1. If you want to keep a sitter, tell your kids to yawn as soon as the sitter arrives. This encouragement will help make sure she stays until you've gotten away.
2. Have some of your children out visiting when she gets there, and return home after you've left. She may not stay if she is greeted by them en masse.
3. Instead of simply refusing to tell the baby-sitter where you can be reached, it looks better to say, "We haven't decided yet where we're going."
4. The last time I had a baby-sitter, I called to ask how they were doing. One of the kids answered, "She can't come to the phone right now — she's cooking." A neighbor saw the smoke and untied her just in time.
5. I know one mother who when she is about to leave a party says, "I'll have one for listening to the baby-sitter's report."
6. Since the Horror Movie craze I haven't had too much trouble getting sitters—it's like getting paid 2½ double features. One 18 year old turned white overnight. Now they just turn the TV off and watch the violence among the kids.

- 
7. I offered one a magazine to read and she said, "No thanks, I'd rather just poke through the drawers."
 8. I should have suspected this girl when I asked her to come over. She said, "Sure, what's the address of your kitchen?"
 9. This girl had such an appetite, the first thing we did when we got home was go upstairs and count the kids.
 10. We finally figured out a way to make sure our baby-sitter watched the baby. We put it in the refrigerator.

Let's Play Ring Around The Bath Tub

My son has a pen pal . . . it's a pig.

If there's one speck of dirt around for miles that kid of mine could find it—he gets dirty just getting out of the tub. We have the only home on the block with dirty soap.

Boys, in particular, will try to talk you out of baths. They seem to have the idea they're non-immersible.

1. Some dirty spots on arms and legs can be passed off as bruises. However, black and blue ears are a rarity, so you had better wash them.
2. To get the dirt off their elbows, try using coarse sandpaper.
3. When sending your son to the store, make sure he is clean above counter level!
4. Your kid doesn't bathe often enough if he thinks the towel racks are bookmarks for magazines.



*I don't care what the kids do
as long as they put papers down first.*

5. Your kid is doing something wrong if, when he takes a bath, he leaves a ring around the room.
6. When our kids were young there were so many toys in the bath tub we bathed them in the toy chest. Finally we got to the point when bath time was a cinch. We lived around the corner from a car wash. We just put the kids in the car — and drove through.

Haunting your airwaves this past season is a t.v. show that's a natural (or is it supernatural?) for those fans who believe in Genies, Witches, and lower taxes. "The Ghost And Mrs. Bore" has a widow and her little boy living in an old house owned by a seafarer who has passed away - but not far enough, as he still hangs around refusing to give up the lease. The housing shortage must be a problem in heaven too! The only one unhappy with this arrangement is the family dog, who keeps going "bananas" as he sees the ghost but can't locate his bones to chew on!

THE GHOST AND MRS. BORE

There, Mrs. Bore, isn't it a beauty. And like I said, only one short step to the beach.



The show opens as the "kind-hearted" real estate agent looks to unload a broken-down ghost-filled shack on the unsuspecting widow and her kid. (His hobby is performing heart transplants without anesthetic!)

I don't know, Mr. Greedy, the price is too much!



Too much? \$37.50 for a four-story house with free gas and electric?

That's not what I meant, pops. I mean the price is the greatest, so how come the house is so cheap?





I don't know how to put this to you, madam, but the house comes with an odd-ball boarder who can't leave the place.

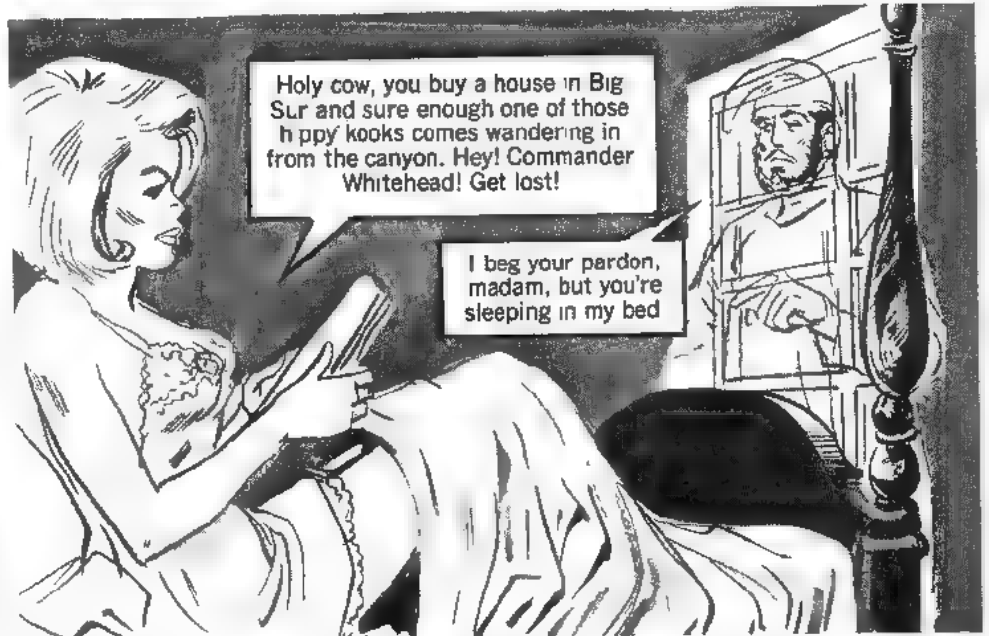
Oh, a shut-in? How much does this boarder eat?

Believe me, you've got nothing to worry about. He practically lives on air. Sign here!

All right, but it seems a little dull living way out here in the sticks.



Don't worry, lady comes midnight, the place starts jumping! Bye!



Holy cow, you buy a house in Big Sur and sure enough one of those happy kooks comes wandering in from the canyon. Hey! Commander Whitehead! Get lost!

I beg your pardon, madam, but you're sleeping in my bed



Sure, Baby Bear, and I'll bet some nasty man has eaten all your porridge, too!

I assure you, lady, I live in this house!

Oh, you must be the boarder. Say, I can see right through you. That real estate agent was right, you probably don't eat enough to hold body and soul together.

A wise observation. I've been dead for 55 years.

Dead? You better change your connection, Timothy, that sounds to me like a real bad trip! Besides, that would make you 100 years old, and you don't look to me like a day over 45

Exactly my age when I was drowned at sea.

Oh, no! I don't only have a hippy on my hands, I've got one that's freaked out!

I'll prove it to you. I'll take off my nightie.

Nix with the strip, Gypsy, kids read this magazine!

Now do you believe me?

Hmm. This raises some interesting possibilities. Since you're dead, it takes us off the hook with the t.v. viewers. In fact, it's the ideal way to have a man around the house without 'benefit of clergy.' Leave it to those agency guys to find a loop-hole in the Ten Commandments!

Mom, I heard a noise. What's up?



Junior,
meet our
boarder—
he's a
ghost.

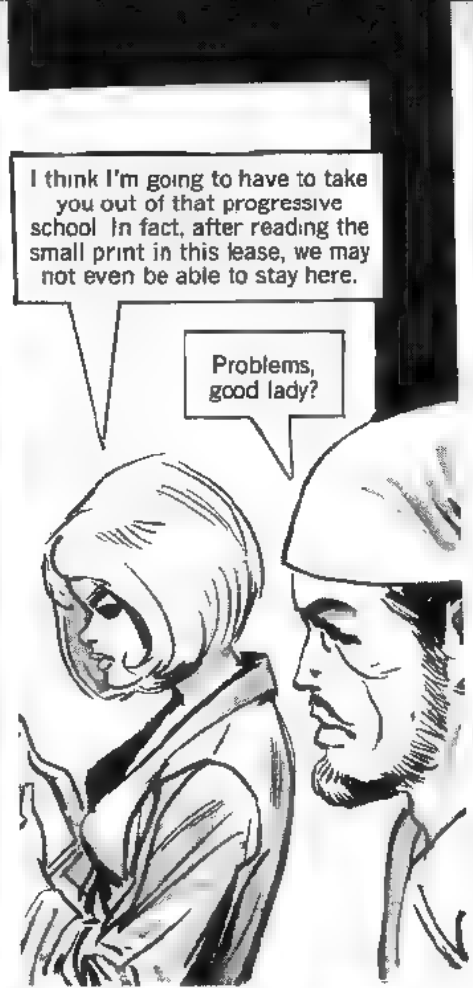
Ghost? I don't see
nothin'. Mom, I
haven't even begun
to mow the lawn,
and already you're
smoking it!



You better put back your
nightie, captain, so junior
can see you.

Righto! Now
what do you say,
young man?

Wow,
what a perfect
set-up
for a
Peeping
Tom!



I think I'm going to have to take
you out of that progressive
school. In fact, after reading the
small print in this lease, we may
not even be able to stay here.

Problems,
good lady?



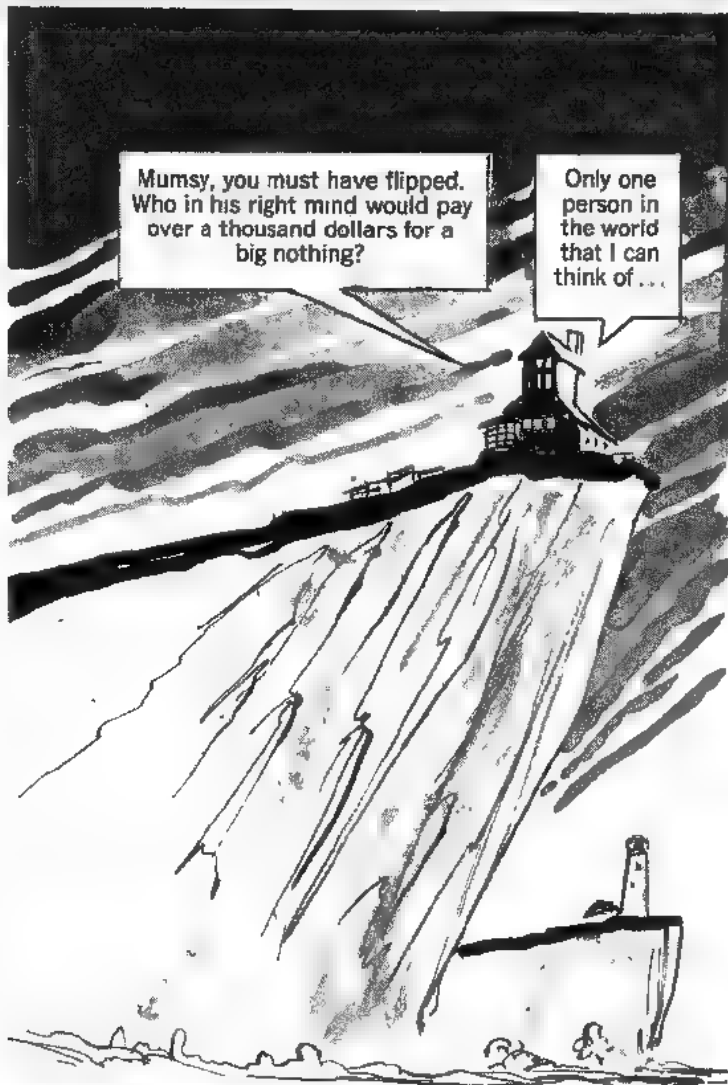
Yes, that fink real estate agent neglected to
mention the past due land taxes on this
deteriorating domicile—\$1100 dollars.

Gee, ma,
what can we do?

Can I
help?



You bet your bippie, you can! You're going to
make an appearance (or is it dis-appearance?)
that's going to get the rent paid!



Mumsy, you must have flipped. Who in his right mind would pay over a thousand dollars for a big nothing?

Only one person in the world that I can think of...

That next Sunday night...

Right here on our stage, is the biggest nothing we've presented to date. Taking its place with the other really big nothings we've presented over the years—Captain Ghost, the Invisible Zip! Let's really hear it—for it!



I really don't know what to do, Ed. I can't act, I can't sing, I can't dance, I can't tell jokes. In fact, I have no talent.



That never stopped me from becoming a really big star. Now, audience, what do you think?

I think the dog is a ventriloquist!

Hmm. I think you're right.

Next week, right before your very eyes, we'll present 'Waldo, The Wonder Dog,' in an evening of ventriloquil delight. Let's hear it for this magnificent mutt!

By the way, madam, does the dog have any talented fleas?



And I thought I was a Bore!

SUPERMOUTH

APPROVED
BY THE
COMIC
CLOUDS



FOLLOW ME, MEN!
WE'VE GOT THOSE
TV VILLAINS
ON THE RUN!!



TV PANEL SHOWS ARE NOW BIG BUSINESS, BUT LATELY THEY'VE BEEN
LOSING THEIR AUDIENCE TO THE LATE NIGHT MOVIES.. *WHY?* BECAUSE
THEY ALL FEATURE THE SAME GUESTS WHO SIT AROUND REPEATING THE SAME
JOKES AND TRYING TO STAY AWAKE.. WHAT THEY NEED IS ACTION! PANEL
SHOWS SHOULD BORROW A FEW PAGES FROM THE COMIC BOOKS, COMBINING
TALK WITH ACTION!!

SUPERMOUTH

LAUNCHED BY THE COMIC WORLD



TV FRAMES SHOWING ARE NOW BIG BUSINESS. LOBBING THEIR BUSINESS TO THE LATE NIGHT IN THE FALL FEATURE THE SAME QUESTIONS WHO SAT. HADLES FILLING IN THE TO THE PAST. WHAT? IN SHOWS. SUCH A BURDEN A FEW PAGES FROM TALK WITH ACTION!

Art by Jack Sparling
Script by Art Paul

If you can't choose between two evils console yourself with the thought that some people haven't even got one.



I bought my wife a small car for shopping. The first thing she went shopping for was a big car.

My cousin's depressed but I told him to forget about suicide, there's lots of things to live for: Inflation, high taxes, muggings, racial prejudice, violence—

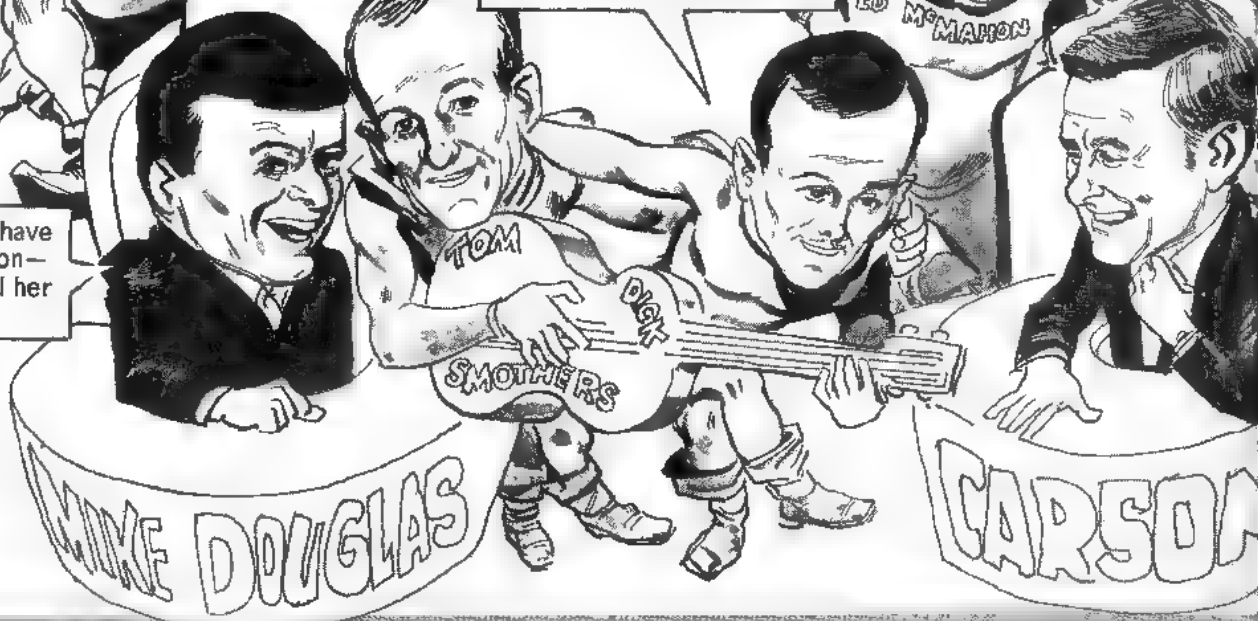
My wife came home saying our Ford locked bumpers with a Cadillac. Unfortunately I found out there was a Volkswagen between them at the time.

I get dirty looks from the Internal Revenue men. Last year I earned exactly \$495.95—and quit!

My kid's growing up—stopped asking where he came from and won't tell us where he's going.

A hippie went on a trip and when he came back found his girl had been faithful to him—so he threw her out.

My wife and I often have differences of opinion—only I'm afraid to tell her mine.





I hope my wife comes back from her vacation soon—I'm running out of dishes.



I want to tell all my friends I'm thinking of them. I can't call them because of poor phone service, I can't write them because of worse mail service and when I send smoke signals they can't see them because of air pollution.

I returned my canary to the pet shop. Oh, it sings beautifully but nothing I could hum.



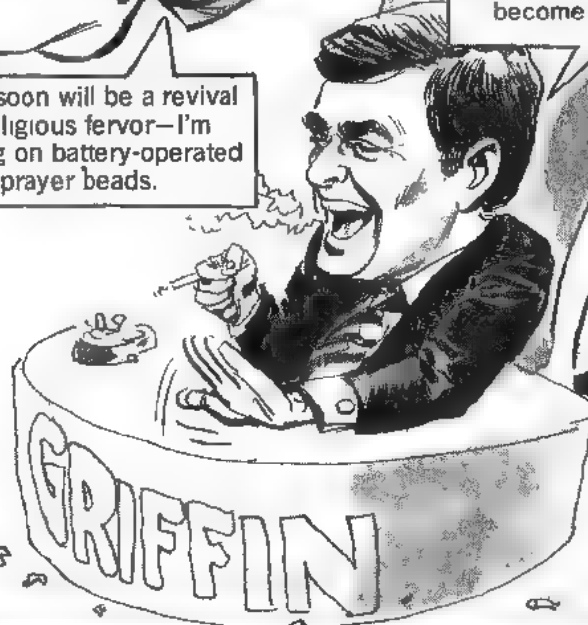
My doctor examined me in bed and he said, 'You'll pull through unless I miss my guess, which is often.'



Now I know why the army made you spend hours picking up rocks. You might become an astronaut.

There soon will be a revival of religious fervor—I'm working on battery-operated prayer beads.

Then there's the old playboy who just had a gleam transplanted in his eye.



Did you know that whooping cranes are becoming extinct? I suggest they stay out of drafts.

My wife has started to economize. From now on we'll do without everything I need.

The perfect couple—she wears a see-through blouse and he has a see-through character.

A drama critic ran away with my wife. Always said he had no taste.

One Congressman is trying to get the women's vote. He promises to make the reporting of missing wives compulsory.

He's the type that'll never have ulcers. He GIVES them!

My wife is such a gossip she talks on the phone for hours—and it isn't even working.

Phone service is so bad always call Dial-A-Prayer before making my regular call and pray I get my party.

They threw my teenage nephew out of the hospital—he souped up his wheelchair.

The FBI has a new service—
if they're tapping your
phone, and you're rarely in,
for \$5 a month they take
messages.

The generation gap: The
youth are on grass and the
oldsters want to be left
alawn.

The reason there are so few
violinists these days is that
nobody can afford the high
laundry prices for the
handkerchiefs under the
chin.

On my trip out West I was
supposed to see an Indian
rain dance—but it was
cancelled on account of rain.

I asked a notorious
comedian bore "Who writes
your dullisms?"

People in small towns do
the same things big city
dwellers do—only they do
them earlier.

What has Nixon done for
medicine? How many
operation scars has he
displayed on TV?

HISTORY LESSON

Once again, Sick picks up where school teachers leave off. In these pages we're presenting a unique history of the unique city of New York. Read Sick and glow in school.

Script by Bill Marsh
Art by Dan Graham



1614 Captain Adrian Block drew first map of the then so-called New Netherlands. On the map, Greenwich Village was upside-down backwards and rather strange. It remains that way today.



1642 City Tavern is established. This later becomes City Hall. Many of the landlords never realize it's been changed.



1643 City Director Willem Kieft kills 16 ladies, breves and three Indian cowards.



1626 — Peter Minuit, director-general of the island, purchases Manhattan for \$24. Today it is easily worth three times that amount.



1640 — War with Indians breaks out. First toupée store opens.



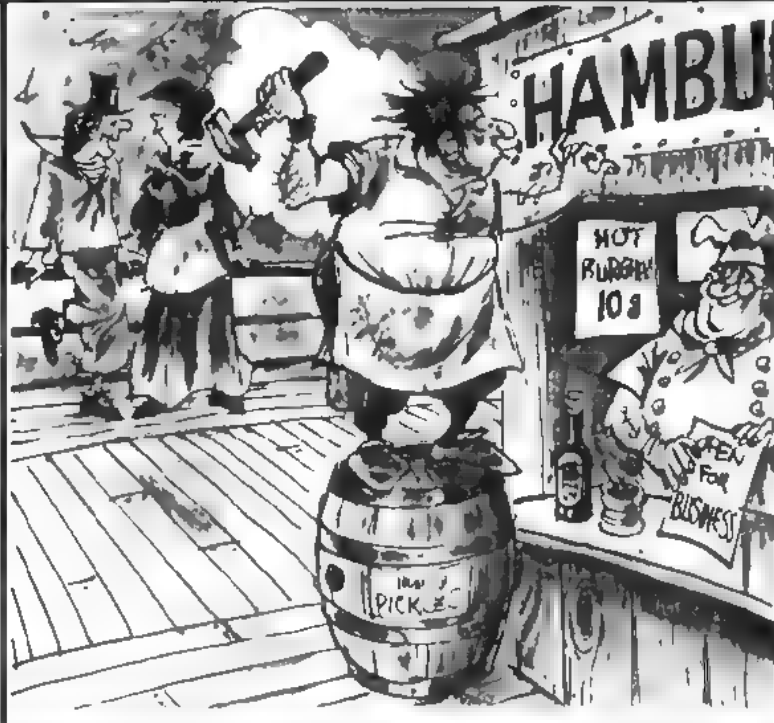
1653 — First municipal government provides for a leader known as a schout, along with two burgo-masters and five schepens. This beats everything except a royal flush.



1654 — Jacob Barsimson becomes the first Jew to arrive in New York. He was seeking a new route to Miami Beach.



1655 — First cargo of Negro slaves imported directly from Africa arrives at Apollo Theater.



1657 — Great burgher-rights and small burgher-rights are established. Great burghers are acquired with a payment of 50 guilders; small burghers are 25 guilders. With French fries, 5 guilders extra.



1671 — Somebody steals Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg and makes him hopping mad.



1684 — First session of Court of General Sessions of New York is held. Five judges are convicted.



1858 — Harlem founded. Slaves freed from Apollo Theater.



1699.— New York City population is 4,436. None of these is alive today due to a pestilence.



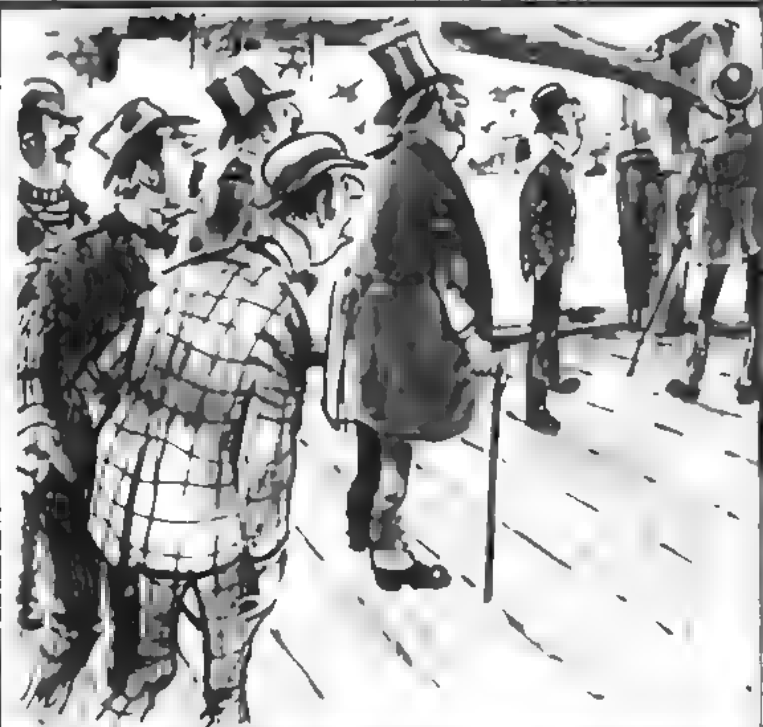
1780 — Major General John Andre is captured with plans of West Point in his pocket. He claims they are signals for the big Army-Navy game.



1784 — Roman Catholics granted freedom of worship. Bingo becomes fashionable.



1878 — First New York telephone directory is published. It is immediately torn in half by a drunk at a party.



1883 — Brooklyn Bridge opens. Manhattanites ask why.



1807 — Robert Fulton demonstrates his first steamboat, the Clermont. Unfortunately he demonstrated it at 23rd Street and Fifth Avenue.



1815 — Health Board urges people be vaccinated to protect against small pox; dart games flourish.



1880 — Great Blizzard drops 21 inches of snow on New York City. If things go well, the Sanitation Department hopes to have it all removed by next Thursday.



1918 — Spanish influenza epidemic breaks out. Daughters of American Revolution protests against foreign elements.



1931 - Tallest building in the world, the Empire State Building is completed. Brooklynites ask why.



1945 - Army plane crashes into 54th floor of Empire State Building. It could have crashed into the 50th floor but that's another story.



1965 - Numerous firms, including American Can Co., plan to leave New York City. Indignant Mayor tells them, "Good riddance! Drag your cans out of here and don't come back!"



1966 to present - Nothing has happened in New York City that's fit to print.

Protest demonstrations are getting ridiculous. Do kids really know what they're picketing for? One group demanded that a peaceful nation like Switzerland take over the world. A guy we know spends his whole life on picket lines. He'll picket for anything. Once he approached us for a handout. We asked, "why don't you go to work?" He said, "what, and support a bum like me?"

by Don Orehek



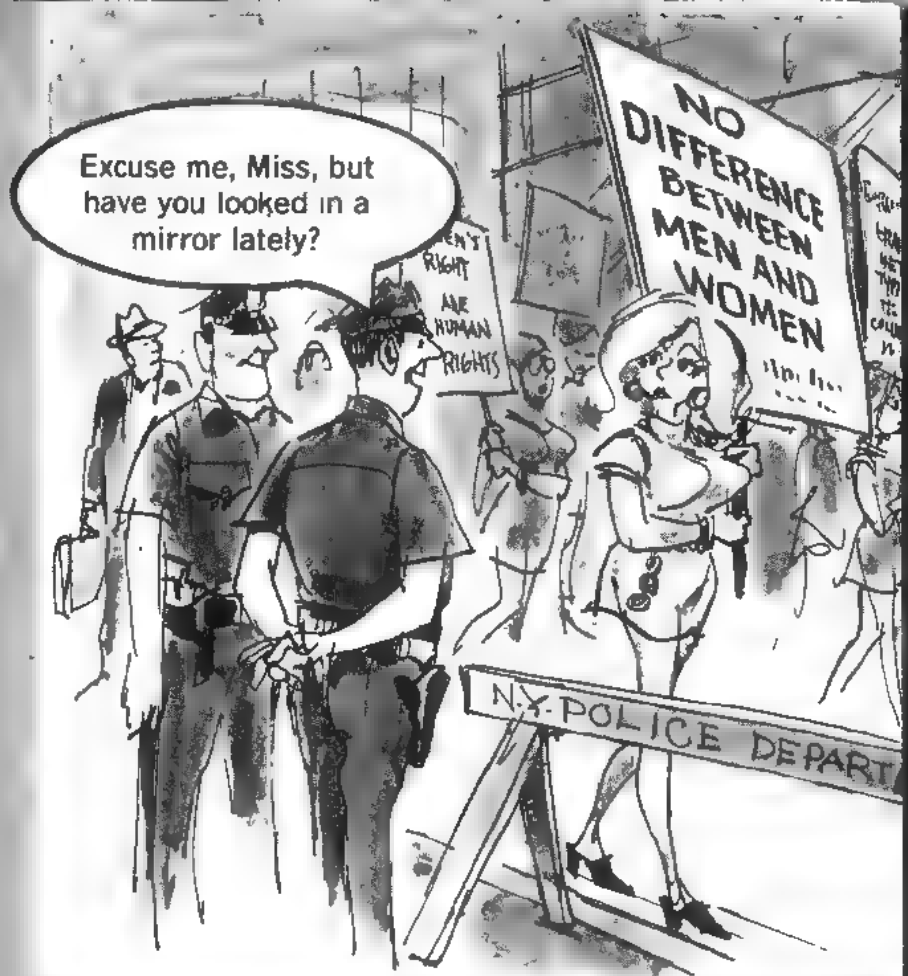
Sick On the Picket Line











PARTY GAME



Nice party.

I rate it a B plus,
with a G rating.

Don't think I'm pushy, but
how would you like to
make some money at
home, the fast, easy way.

Sounds great.
I stay home
a lot.

Easiest thing in the
world. You sell autographs
of famous people.

I don't have
a single autograph
to sell.

That's why I'm selling. A
complete autograph kit
with a whole set of master
names. You write them
yourself and sell them.

Isn't that something
like forgery?

Not a bit. We call it crea-
tive ideation. It motivates
our economy. Here's a set
of instructions. Do you re-
alize you can get 4 dollars
for Huntz Hall's auto-
graph?



You're kidding!

The kit will show you how to turn out perfect Huntz Halls every time. June Preisser's name brings a cool 6 dollars. And if you learn to sign Morton Downey's name it'll net you a fast 10-spot wherever autograph buffs gather.



I have visions of fame and wealth.

Listen to these prices: Virginia Weidler—13 dollars; Jane Withers, \$7.50; Bobby Breen—\$19.75; Johnny Downs—\$21.00.



Anything for Guinn "Big Boy" Williams?

A fast \$27 is all.

Wonderful. Give me the kit.

And with it, a new pen.



I'll be there turning out autographs night and day. Fatty Arbuckle.

\$87.45.



Wrong Way Corrigan.

\$75.63.

Regis Toomey.

\$209.25.



How much should I make the check out for?

\$25.

It's a deal.

Here's your autograph kit. Happy writing.



Hello, boss. Got another sucker. Gave me a check.

Who?



A fellow named Napoleon Bonaparte.



RETAIL DISPLAY PROGRAM

Pyramid Publications is pleased to announce the adoption of a retail display program available to all retailers interested in earning a display allowance on those magazines participating in this plan. Under the plan, you will be permitted to select one or more, of the following magazine titles, if desired: Sick Magazine, New Ideas For Hairstyling, New Ideas For Teens, Man's Magazine.

To obtain full details and a copy of the formal contract, please write to: Circulation Department, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

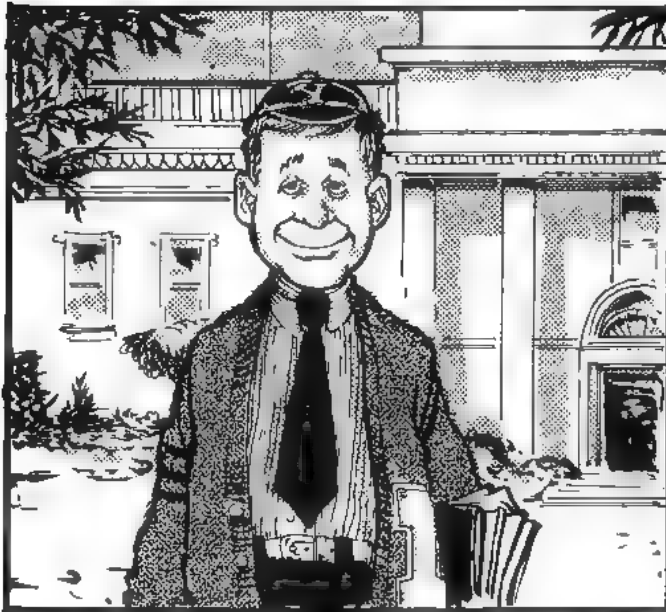
Under the retail display plan, in consideration of your acceptance and fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you upon request, you will receive a display allowance of ten percent (10%) of the cover price per copy sold by you. This plan will become effective as to all issues of magazine titles selected and delivered to you, subsequent to the date of the written acceptance of our display agreement when received and accepted by our national distributor, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation.

by Bob Taylor

Colleges across the country have been shaken to their foundations by student protests—and a few well-placed dynamite sticks! Seeing this as a typically Sick subject, we have bravely gone ahead exposing the motivations behind student unrest and fearlessly naming names, regardless of personal consequences. So, as our brilliant science editor said: "Let's put an outboard motor on the state of Florida, and see where America is heading!"

STUDENT UNREST

First, a quick glance at a student of the past compared with one of today's blooming youth.



Here we see a student of the 1950's. Though deceptively shy-looking, this young man was actually quite daring for his time. The "Y" on his cap stands for Yale, and he was a freshman at Harvard.



Dean Friendly, a man of many helpful words, cautioning his pre-World War II students on the folly of swallowing too many goldfish.

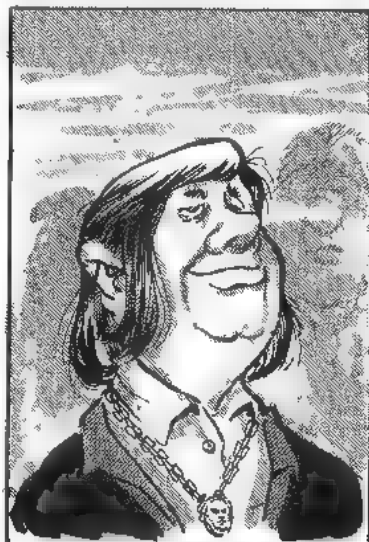


Virgil Vandal attends Quaker Brotherly Love U. (recently renamed The People's Free School of Militant Action Against Fascist Pigs on Behalf of Che Guevara.) Famed for his innovation of putting olives in Molotov Cocktails, he is solidly against all establishment groups except the electric company whose ads advocate "Power to the People."



Dean Klutz, who thought it was the start of World War III, when he uttered just one word to the student body—"No!"

It's obvious to everyone that our universities are full of discontentment and protest. Here we show some of the outstanding student leaders in various areas of protest, who are also full of it!



MILBURN GLUCK

Milburn was the first student in the U.S. to protest the censorship of his reading material. Defends to the death the right to view in the privacy of his own home the center-foldout of "Mother Goose."



WALLY WEIRDO

A drug pioneer, Wally made his name against great odds. Although completely poverty-stricken, he was the first to get a low-priced high on Alka-Seltzer and burp his way to Nirvana.



JANET PIGNASTY

Champion of free speech. Got into a hassle with the local phone company, when she encouraged obscene phone callers to reverse the charges.



WHITEY BURNS

(Black Militant)

Protested for more black teachers, black students, black desks, etc. Thrown out of the Black Panthers' as a revisionist, when caught in a local movie house watching a re-issue of "Snow White."

NORMA FLESHEY

A crusader for self-expression, Norma was the first coed to walk the campus in the nude. She inadvertently brought back the practice of panty raids, only this time the male students brought the panties back to her.



If all the minority groups got together they would be the majority...

AMERICAN INDIAN STUDENTS

This band of redmen is protesting the white man's land grab. They demand the return of Manhattan Island, with its muggers, slums, pollution and taxes. They are very sick.



ITALIAN STUDENTS

Seen here protesting the reruns of the t.v. show, "The Untouchables," which they feel falsely perpetuates the theory that The Mafia was Italian!



ESKIMO STUDENTS

Many young Eskimos have stopped chewing blubber and have started to expose their own, in their protest against the conventional dress of the Establishment. This move is highly endorsed by two other groups—pneumonia specialists and undertakers!

AGRICULTURE STUDENTS

This group was experimenting with natural fertiliser in a small laboratory. They are demanding larger quarters. After taking one deep whiff, the Dean met their turns on the spot.



If you think the protests of today are strange, wait till you see what the future holds...



AIR POLLUTION

The revolt against air pollution will finally be won when the politicians get teen-agers to stop eating garlic-soaked Hero sandwiches and teen-agers get the politicians to stop making speeches against air pollution.

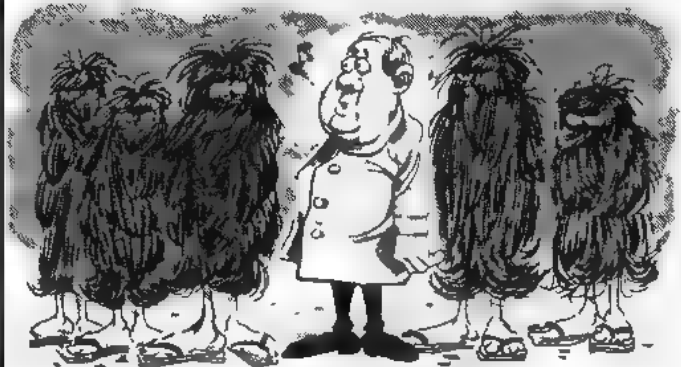


BIRTH CONTROL

Advanced sex education will be accepted and students will use this superior knowledge to protest over-population by capturing wild storks and clipping their wings.

100th YEAR OF WAR

After protesting the Peace Talks that have dragged on for over a hundred years, students will go to Paris and discover what has been holding up the delegates—in- stead of poring over treaties, they've been ogling French postcards!



HAIR

As a protest against the corny convention of wearing clothes, hair will be grown to cover every boy and girl from head to toe, thus making every date a blind date. This will drive barbers to drink, and tailors to the booby-hatch, trying to figure out how to put pockets in permanent waves.

ANIMAL CONSERVATION

Hippies of the twenty first century will protest the destruction of wild life; not only the fauna of the woods, but also those little creatures closest to home—the lovable bugs they've grown on their own bathless bodies.



Those old war movies on TV are outdated. Our enemies of World-War-Two—Germany, Japan, and Otto Kruger are now our allies. February 7, for example, is a Japanese national holiday—Transistor Day. One baldheaded veteran tried to enlist in today's army but they told him he looked too old. Now he spends his spare time in cheap restaurants hoping to find hairs in his soup. He intends doing h.s own hair transplant.

WAR

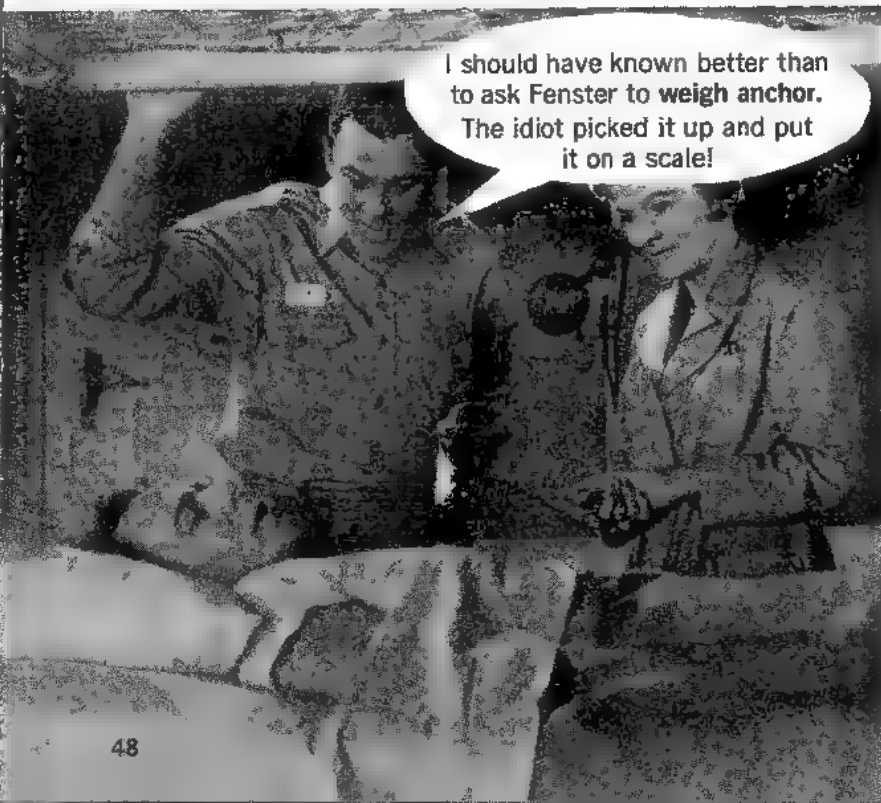


I see they've taken it
t down ten feet -good!

But, captain, this isn't
a submarine!



At last, the Feuhrer
has sent us a plane!



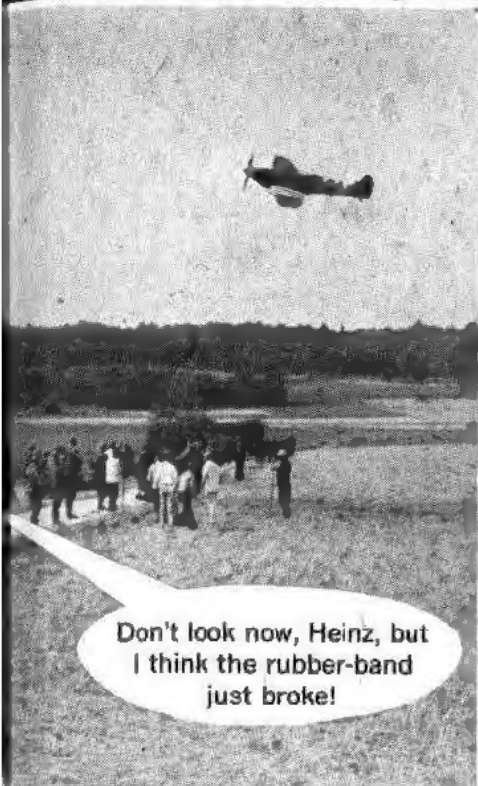
I should have known better than
to ask Fenster to weigh anchor.
The idiot picked it up and put
it on a scale!



Keep acting natural—
I'm X-18, Salvation
Army Intelligence.

MOVIES

Script by Fred Wolfe

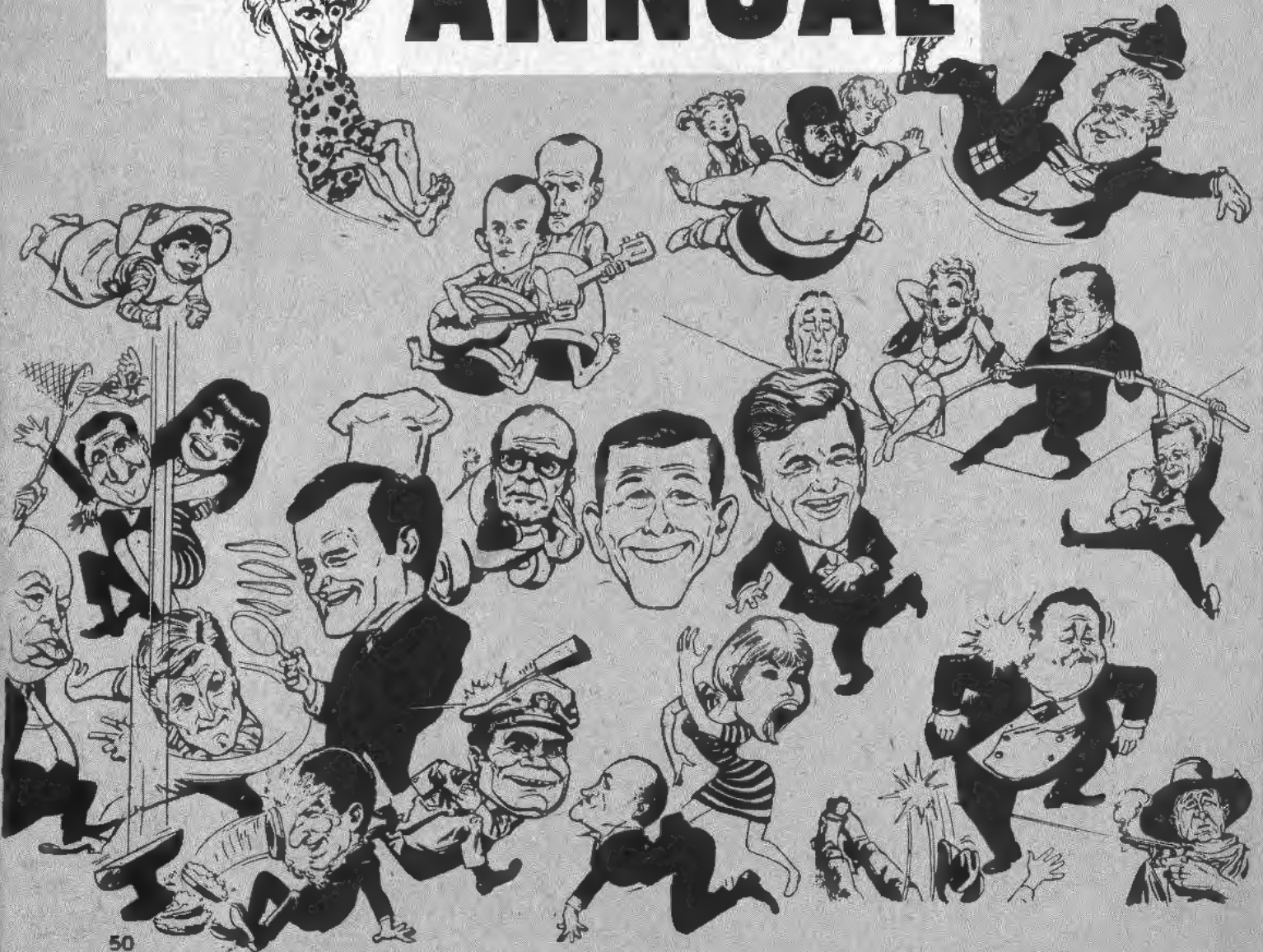


EVERYBODY'S TURNED ON FOR OUR BIG BIRTHDAY PARTY ISSUE
FEATURING THE WILDEST, SICKEST SATIRE OF THE SICK DECADE!!

10th YEAR **SICK** ANNUAL

**Presents
For All!**

**ON SALE
MARCH
5**



STOP!

RADIOACTIVE AREA

**DO NOT PROCEED
WITHOUT SPECIAL GLASSES**

IF YOU HAVE TROUBLE READING THIS
YOU NEED THEM ANYWAY



KEEP RIGHT

**RADIOACTIVE
AREA**

RADIO LESS ACTIVE AFTER TEN O'CLOCK

SICK SIGNS

(MORE INSIDE)

**KEEP
RINGING
BELL**

**OCCUPANTS
HARD-OF-HEARING**

**EMERGENCY
EXIT**

**NOT TO BE USED UNDER
ANY CIRCUMSTANCES**